

# *A Fable: "The Thornless Rose"*

*by © Para Kas-Vetter*

**based on a true story  
of a soul that saw the light**

There was this Beauty-full Rose that bloomed so dearly with every summer and every spring, and rested in winter and hibernated in autumn. It was so happy with life blooming all around, and feeling so content with every breath it took, and every love it received. It was nurtured and loved as it enjoyed every moment of every day. It has it all and more. And life for this soul was simply Beauty-full. Everyone loved this Rose because it had petals to offer freely, and it had a fragrance that brought smiles to everyone's faces. It had colour and it had life and all that saw it touched their souls.

A priceless masterpiece it was.....

Until one day someone took advantage of this adoring Rose. They did not know of respect or love, nor did this person understand Honour or values let alone Morals. All it knew was how to take advantage of this Beauty-full Rose and use it to their benefit.

And so a new journey this Rose began facing every element of confusion and conflict of trying to make sense of Love. It was abused on every level you could possibly imagine, and then it was passed on to the next person who took more pleasure to abuse and demoralise The Beauty-full Rose beyond words.

For what felt like a life for this Priceless Rose, life took a turn and it was not able to deal with the enormity of what was faced.

The more it tried to give, the more they took. The more it tried to love, the more they abused. The more it tried to forgive, the more they betrayed. It mattered not what this Beauty-full Rose did, the more good it did, the more it was shut down. The more it thought positive, the more it was shunned to think the negative. The more optimistic it was, the more it was forced to fear.

Little by little the petals started to lose their shape. More and more with time it started to lose its colour, and the vibrant Rose was starting to lose sight of the meaning of life. It was starting to die within.

Incredibly a thorn began to grow from its side. And it has not noticed yet. The thorn was spiteful and negative and if anyone tried to harm it, they would be pricked and bleed. When the Rose began to discover this, it began to grow more and more thorns. It began to realise that suddenly thorns is what was needed to protect itself or so it thought.....

And as it was continued to be abused more thorns it grew, but that did not stop what was happening to the Beauty-full Rose. And so it started to lose its leaves, it began to lose its ability to flower. It was starting to lose motivation. It was staring to lose interest in life.

Instead more thorns were growing and angrier its abusers were becoming..... until one day someone just cut the whole thing to its bare roots thinking that anew it will grow.

But the following seasons it did not grow, only stems and thorns.....it had no desire, no meaning or feelings. It had lost all self esteem. It did not want to live and it did not want to fight any more. It just had no desire for life. No dreams, no yearnings, no reason for life.....just full of thorns in its heart.

And so as time passed by, it found itself thrown in a pile of dead shrubs lifeless and no life in sight.....and there the Rose spend its time not feeling or wanting, nor desiring or wishing.....just there lifeless wondering if the next day will come and not caring if it did not.....

But something happened that took the Rose by delight, it was the sunlight that shone that day in a special way. It was the way it shone so harmoniously, that it touched every fibre of the Rose's Heart. Suddenly it started to feel emotions, when sudden flashes of dreams and hopes began to rekindle. And as the sun shone more deeper and brighter upon the Rose, it began to hope and started to desire.....and then just then it began to create.....it began to grow a flower, and then a leaf here and there.....and before you knew it there was standing so tall that took what seemed another life time on Earth, blooming in sight amongst all lifeless forms, there it was full of brightness and life as it realised a new life had begun in sight.

And someone did take note and took it home. But the Rose did not dare to lose its thorns. It was so overprotective aware that still it was frightened. It knew that it was not ready to fully bloom in freedom, aware of what the Rose had experienced from selfish others.

And so it prickled and it spent time bloomless. And no matter how much love and nurturing it got, it was destined to succeed in knowing that no one it could trust.....

It took a long time before The Angel/Guide/Saint/God came along.....and touched its heart and said no longer are "THEY" (meaning the lost souls on Earth around).....and as The Angel/Guide/Saint/God Spoke, the thorns fell off and the Rose was free to be and feel and know it was Priceless as Always was.....The Angel/Guide/Saint/God by its side.

***“Manifesting the changes we want to see requires that we take notice and take action once the door has been opened. Much like a group of horses corralled for most of their lives, they have become so accustomed to being caged that they will not recognise when the gate has been opened. And some, having perhaps suffered the consequences of trying to escape will be too afraid to try again. But once one horse leaves the others will take notice. First they leave one at a time then two or more. Then, before you know it, the rest catch on and stampede out.” Unknown***

***“Don’t ever take away someone’s hope, it may be all they have to hold onto” Anonymous***